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Original Poetry.

A SONG.

"OH, THERE IS ONE WHOSE VOICE TO HEAR."

WRITTEN FOR THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST,

BY SKETCHER.

Oh, there is one whose voice to hear
With rapture thrills my bosom through,
Whose image hov'ring ever near,
To life an impulse gives anew.
'Tis her I love,
'Tis her I love,
She who doth fondly love me too.

Around her dazzling brow of white
Cluster the silky curls of jet,
Her form is grace, her step is light;
But she a sweeter charm hath yet.
The maid I love,
The maid I love;
Who can her winning smiles forget?

She hath upon her damask cheek
A tint like morning's rosy hue,
And summer skies look dull and bleak
Compared with the bright eyes so blue
Of her I love,
Of her I love,
Of her to whom I'm ever true.

Oh, she's a creature gay and wild,
Yet hath she all a woman's mind,
In heart she's like a little child,
Yet is there spirit there confined.
She's one to love,
She's one to love,
And cord of love our spirits bind.

Original Tales.

THE SULTAN IN SPECTACLES.

A Translation from the French.

BY EDGAR WAYNE.

CHAPTER I.

THE WISH.

The Sultan Achmet had reigned ten years over the vast empire of the Faithful. He had many virtues, was full of courage, of magnanimity and of bounty—men called him the Good Achmet. But the Good Achmet had great faults. Easily prejudiced, he was foolishly fond of those whom he loved, and heartily detested those whom he disliked; though his hate and his friendship were often no more than mere caprices. He was readily accessible to flattery—implicitly received as truth the fulsome eulogies which parasites and flatterers lavished upon him, and weakly confided in the sincerity of the artful caresses of the beautiful slaves of his harem. Inordinate self-love is credulous; it leads a man to distrust himself more than he distrusts others,—to hear with avidity, and readily to believe those who flatter him.

But if Achmet found great pleasure in being flattered, on the other hand contradiction was insupportable to him. Truth when it opposed his whims and desires was extremely offensive to him,—it was incredible, and as falsehood he denounced and repulsed it. In a word, like all kings—like all vain men, he was intractable—incorrigible. He loved and followed only those counsels which fell in with his own prejudices and weak fancies—and rejected and contemned all others. Men saw that he could be easily deceived by any who would go to work in the right way to undertake it; and in the courts of kings there are always low and cringing minds enough to take *that* trouble.

The good Achmet had a Vizier who had served him since his accession to the throne—a tried servant—the sage Rustan. He was in some sort a legacy from the father of Achmet, for the weak Sultan would never have had, of his own election, a vizier whom while he feared, he could not avoid respecting. A tall stately form gave Rustan an imposing presence, and a long beard, which age had silvered, conferred upon his serene and hard features an expression of wisdom stern and unyielding. As he had a profound knowledge of state affairs, and the experience of three score years and ten, he naturally assumed the right to speak; and the *habit* of speaking unreservedly gave him an aptitude in pronouncing unpleasant truths, the facility of which made the hearer lose sight of its boldness. When Achmet projected some foolish enterprize, his Vizier, unhesitatingly denounced its extravagance; and when Achmet's profusion had ruined the Exchequer, Rustan did not fail to tell him, without indirection, whose folly it was that had ruined the treasury. In a word the vizier often plumply opposed the Sultan, because the latter was always disposed to make a fool of himself; a disposition not rare, it may be suspected, among the Commanders of the Faithful, or absolute disposers of kingdoms under any other title.

Achmet had a favorite among his courtiers, and a favorite in his harem, whom he loved to idolatry, and who had, in the government more influence than the Vizier. In important affairs Achmet hearkened only to the counsels of his dear Nessour and his beautiful Fatima—by them decisions only, he guided his government. The favorite, loaded already with benefits, supplicated dearly for new gifts, and disposed of all places in the civil list, all charges in the household, all promotions in the army. Achmet knew how to refuse him nothing. "Nessour is so much my friend," the Sultan said to himself, "I can deny him nothing. He asks not for himself—he desires only my prosperity and happiness!" Confidence, in Sultan and in slave, is ever the companion of blind friendship.

He believed every word the beautiful Fatima uttered—anticipated her wildest and most extravagant desires, and would have ruined the last man among his subjects to gratify the ever changing caprices of his favorite Sultana. "Fatima has no life but in mine," he said—"what can I refuse the houri! She lives only for Achmet—she desires only my glory!" Sultans, like other men, feel the need of being loved, and are grateful, to idiocy, for the shadow even of affection in a beautiful woman.

It will readily be perceived, that, with such a character Achmet seldom found himself in accord with his Grand Vizier. They spoke only to disagree—but while heat, violent enough, frequently was exhibited on the part of the Sultan, the sage Rustan never lost his imperturbable coldness—never lost the unalterable calm which is conferred by a consciousness of right and reason. But Achmet, blind in his passionate affection for the Sultana, and infatuated in his attachment to his favorite, saw in Rustan only a man hard, proud, and severe, who made a pleasure for himself in marring his masters dearest pleasures, and in thwarting his most cherished and innocent enjoyments. He had long regarded him with disgust even to abhorrence, and continued to him his title of Vizier only out of respect for his ancient services. He waited only a favorable occasion to despoil the sage of his honors, and confer them upon his dear and more congenial spirit—Nessour, the favorite.

Achmet regarded Fatima as she slept. "How beautiful!" he mentally ejaculated. "The paradise of the Prophet does not contain an Houri so lovely; and yet Rustan would have me deny her wishes! Would that the riches of the universe could be put in a single gem that I might present it to her! While asleep I know she dreams of me, as awake she thinks only of me—for so she herself has said. This Rustan pretends to love me, and yet all I love he hates, and all that I detest he worships. It is not so with Fatima! The old brute! Would that Mahomet would send me the magic glasses of which Rustan spoke the other day. 'Sultan,' the slave said, 'you are blind. Oh that the Prophet would send you the magic glasses, that you might read men's hearts!' Happy now, I should be doubly happy then, for I would study Fatima's."

The Sultan stole softly away, that he might not disturb the repose of the sleeping girl. Fatima turned upon her couch—the lips on which the Sultan had dwelt entranced, parted with a smile. They murmured one little word—it was *not* the name of Achmet, Commander of the Faithful.

CHAPTER II.

THE MAGIC GLASSES.—TRYING THEM ON.

Sultans seldom wish to no purpose—certainly not the Sultans of story. Achmet had wished for the wonderful glasses, and an optician was not long wanting to put them to his eyes. There dwelt in Constantinople an Arabian magician and astrologer, who read the future with more precision and certainty than ordinary teachers of the faithful can read the koran. Things occult were to him no secrets, and the mysteries of nature were his pastime. At Achmet's summons the astrologer bowed before the Sultan. At Achmet's desire he agreed that the wonderful spectacles should be done to order on the morrow; and he would have as readily promised any other trifle of the same easy description of manufacture. "The preparation of such instruments," said the tradesman in miracles, "is a mere trifle. I had hoped magnificent Sultan, that you were about to command something worthy of your glory, and of my skill." Thus you see there were modest opticians even in the time of the Sultan Achmet.

On the morrow, in the Divan, Achmet was receiving his accustomed homage. Breathing an atmosphere of incense, his soul revelled in delight; and the glory of the sun even, paled before his eyes in his own greatness, as his flatterers represented it to him; the happiness of the Prophet himself, he did not envy, amid so many devoted and discriminating friends. The magic spectacles were placed in his hands, and as crowned heads are capable of some acts guided by intuition, he graciously made, with them, a saddle of his nose. The smile of happiness on his features lasted only till he had taken one glance at the courtiers—"Begone, traitors!" he cried, "villains!—monsters! Your presence appals me with horror!"

The astonished crowd of silken knaves recoiled a moment from him—then prostrating themselves before him cried, "What would our sublime master, the arbiter of life and death? Are we not all his faithful subjects?"

"Faithful!" cried Achmet, "By Allah! I see in your hearts only treason, jealousy and hate—envy armed with all the poisons—murder bristling with poinards! Begone!" And as, scimiter in hand, he threw himself upon the prostrate crowd, they did not wait for etiquette to find their legs, or stop at the door of the hall of audience to save their slippers.

The Sultan found himself alone—his guards even had betaken themselves to a safe distance from the Sultan in spectacles. "Behold then," he soliloquised, "what manner of men these are, who have fed me without ceasing with protestations of devotion, of love, and of fidelity! I have chosen for my companions the most depraved rascals in my empire—I have lived in the midst of my enemies, and have escaped their malice only because they mutually hated each other too much to unite to destroy me! They wished in their scoundrel avidity to drink the last drop of my blood—and I have believed their flatteries, and accepted their poisoned words as delightful incense. Thanks to the Prophet, I am no longer their dupe—I shall be no more deceived! By the aid of these wonderful glasses I can distinguish those who hate, from those who love me. Dear Nessour, you love me! Your heart, I know, is pure and clear as the cloudless heavens, your mouth was never opened to deceive me! I will try the glasses on him—not indeed to know what passes in his soul—for that I know as well as my own—he conceals nothing from me. But after the frightful picture I have seen, I will compensate myself with the view of his virtues and his friendship, for the frightful experience I have had with the others."

The favorite was summoned. "Come, my dear Nessour," said the Sultan, "console me for the perfidy of my courtiers. But I know them now. I have penetrated to the bottom of their hearts—by what monsters, to be sure, I have been surrounded! I have driven them all from my presence, and I wish anew to give you my whole heart!" So saying he wiped the spectacles lest any of their film of villainy should have adhered to the glasses.

"What!" cried the favorite, "then you have banished them! Oh model of wisdom, of prudence, and of penetration; you have at length unmasked those false and lying men. You have discovered then, what are courtiers, and that you could not have enemies more dangerous. Long since would I have hinted as much, but I dared not, and I said, the Commander of the Faithful is too pure—the good Achmet will not believe the evil that he sees with his own eyes. Let but the attachment of Nessour—his boundless devotion"——

"Peace, wretch!" cried the Sultan, who by this time was on hand again with spectacles on nose—"Peace, traitor! You are a thousand times worse than those you accuse. I read in your heart trickings the most unworthy and contemptible; I know that you hate me from the bottom of your soul—while you caress, you would murder me! Miserable man that I am! I have not a friend in the world!"

Nessour threw himself at the Sultan's feet—he redoubled his assurances of his friendship—he begged his royal master would not doubt his zeal—his inviolable attachment.

"It is of no use miserable!" replied the Sultan. "Your seductive language and honied words will serve no longer to deceive me, while I hold these magic glasses. With them I read your heart, and I am not happy enough to doubt your black ingratitude."

"What, august Sultan!" replied Nessour. "You trust in magic, confide in a magician! The glasses are false—with them you read treason, where you should see only frankness, love, and truth. Ah—if it is necessary to give my life to disprove the lying witnesses, my blood shall flow before your eyes!"

The Sultan would have said "Humbug!" if there had been any such word in the Turkish tongue. He had on his spectacles, and was not to be done. "There is one," he said, "who is still faithful to me; and in whose heart the love that fills mine *is* reflected for me. Dearest Fatima! Light of my eyes! Joy of my heart! Houri upon earth!" And he passed to her apartment.

The Sultana was negligently reclining on cushions of eider down. She rose at his entrance and advanced, the joy of welcome dancing in her eyes, and sunny smiles playing in voluptuous wreaths about her mouth. The most beautiful arm in the world was outstretched, and the fat fingers the Moslem so affects touched his shoulder. "Off wretch!" he cried as he rudely repulsed her. He had read in her heart disgust, satiety, hate, infidelity!

The unfortunate Achmet could contain himself no longer. His despair and rage were exhausted forthwith upon all the frangible furniture within his reach, and he would have broken Fatima's bones with the rest, but that he had a fancy she would look better in a bag, to be launched into the Bosphorus. Tears ran hissing hot over his burning cheeks, and he sank upon a sofa—his spectacles now in his hand—a very blind look out.

Fatima sunk on her knees at his feet, her eyes abased—her bosom heavy with sobs. "Just Allah!" he cried, "so much beauty and such perfidy in the same person. And you too have deceived me! Dearly, I have loved—I would have lost the world for you, and you have betrayed me!"

"The Commander of the faithful is pleased to jest with his slave," said Fatima, stealing a half roguish, half frightened look from her enchanting eyes. "It is a pleasant joke—that he should be jealous of me—jealous of Fatima. I believed that some terrible misfortune had befallen my dear Achmet—I ran to partake his grief to assuage his sorrows—and behold it is only jealousy!" The siren laughed.

"What! do you dare laugh, traitress, at my misery? Dare to add insult to the torments of your outraged master—dare to join mockery to crime, while the lightning of vengeance plays over your culpable head!"

"Lightning," she answered, as she placed an arm around him—"I fear that not. It thunders now, I know, but that will clear the sky! But what have I done, my lord? Speak! What have I done to merit all this anger?"

"What have you done"—responded the Sultan—"dare you then ask? While you have loaded me with caresses, and lavished names the most endearing upon me, you have felt only disgust and hate! I read them in your heart."

"Oh, certainly I hate you," said Fatima, "I have given you so many earnests of hate. I am betraying it now," she said as she caressed him so naturally, and so affectionately that the good Achmet was puzzled.

His spectacles were in his hand still—he had forgotten what opticians say the nose was made for. "And you, too, to have betrayed me," he said, "it cannot be possible!"

"Me betray you!" she cried, "and could you for one moment think it! *Me* betray you! You have deceived, betrayed yourself!" And as she pressed Achmet to her bosom, and smiled through her tears, one little liquid pearl escaped and fell upon his forehead.

The magician's spectacles were conquered. Glass eyes could not *weep*.

CHAPTER III.

BROKEN GLASSES—BROKEN SPELLS.

"Just Allah!" said Achmet to himself—"If Nessour *was* right—if the magician *has* deceived me—if the glasses *are* false"—

"How!" cried Fatima—"What glasses! What magician! What have these vile spectacles to do with our love!"

When the Sultan told her all about the magician, the talisman spectacles and their miraculous properties. And then, of course, Fatima wept again. At length she cried—

"Oh, cruel! now I know the whole extent of my misfortune. I have lost your love forever, because I have lost your confidence. You will sooner trust a vile magician than my caresses and my tears. See, then, the worthy price of my affection! But why did you spare me in your rage? Why did you not relieve me of an existence, which your odious suspicions have embittered!" And this being the proper place to faint, the beautiful Fatima sank at his feet without sense or motion. The Sultan caught her from the floor, and employed all the means which affection and terror prompted to restore her to consciousness; and as she returned to life he re-assured her by swearing anew, to love her forever.

Fatima saw her advantage, and as a last blow to make certain of the victory, she told him that the magic spectacles were only a stratagem of the Vizier, and proposed to him immediately to possess himself of the proof. "You know," she said, "how that proud and odious Rustan *detests* you—how he thwarts and contradicts you in every thing. Put him to the same proof that you have Nessour, and I am sure that you will read in his soul all that he wishes you to find there, but precisely the reverse of what it contains."

Achmet lost no time in embracing this adroit and perfidious counsel. He carried his griefs and suspicions into the garden where he knew that at that hour Rustan would be walking. He met the Vizier, and that officer approached to give his master one of his usual frank and unsavory lectures—but Achmet was in no state to listen. With the talismanic glasses he looked to the inmost recesses of his Vizier's heart, and what was his astonishment to read there: *zeal, attachment, inviolable fidelity.*

"Now," cried the Sultan, "I doubt Fatima no longer. She was right—my glasses are false. They have made me read treason in the breasts of all whom I most dearly love—they show me ardent affection in the heart of he, who, among all my subjects, loves me least! Just Heaven! Where should I have been if Fatima had not unmasked this imposture? Happy discovery! My lost repose shall return, and the villain of a magician shall pay dearly for his roguery!" The spectacles he trampled to pieces with his feet.

But the able magician did not read the future in vain, and had already left the city. This news confirmed, in Achmet's mind, his perfidy. Nessour was recalled, and implored to forget the suspicions which no longer existed; and the crafty favorite lost no time in persuading Achmet, that the Vizier was the accomplice of the magician. An order was issued for Rustan's arrest, disgrace, imprisonment, and the confiscation of his goods. But when he was sought, it was found that he too was gone, and no doubt was left of his participation in the plot.

But while these events took place in the Seraglio, strange rumors began to prevail in the city. It was said everywhere that the Sultan had become insane, and it was boldly prophesied that he would soon be dethroned. The Sultan was pronounced unworthy to reign—and it was whispered from mouth to mouth that he had no son to succeed him. The emeute increased, the tumult grew fast, and filled the capital. A portion of the Janissaries took up arms and besieged the Seraglio—Down with Achmet! was the cry—Live Nessour! And Nessour himself headed the revolt, of which, indeed, he was the origin, and animated the besiegers with promises most brilliant.

Achmet wished to arm the Seraglio, but the male inmates refused to take arms against Nessour, the lover of Fatima; and the beautiful Sultana herself offered largesses for the Sultan's head! Achmet, with the few dependants who remained faithful, defended himself like a hero. But he is about to succumb to numbers. There is revolt without and within—the Seraglio is on the point of being forced by the rebel Janissaries, when they are attacked by a troop which still remain faithful to their master. The combat becomes terrible—the walls are bathed in blood, and the two parties dispute the entrance with equal ferocity.

The right triumphs! The perfidious Nessour is killed—the rebels are put to flight—and Rustan, the generous and brave Rustan, who had foreseen and provided against the revolt, enters the Seraglio at the head of his faithful and victorious soldiers. The combat within ceases—the Sultan is delivered from his enemies—and the perfidious but beautiful Fatima pays with her head, the forfeit of her treachery.

Who shall paint the astonishment and gratitude of Achmet! To the Vizier whom he had condemned, he owed his safety—his throne—his life. "Sage Rustan," he cried, "how shall I testify my gratitude? I repulsed thy counsels—I delivered myself up to enemies, while I detested from the bottom of my heart, the only man who was sincerely attached to me! Hereafter, oh! Rustan! tell me always the truth in counsel, as heretofore! But where is the magician?"

"Dead," replied the Vizier.

"Dead!" repeated Achmet. "Fool that I was; I destroyed in my madness, a treasure which I did not appreciate—and now that I have learned its value, how shall I replace it?"

"Oh, sublime Sultan," said the Vizier, "why give yourself up to useless regrets? Experience will teach you, that you have but broken a useless talisman. The best glasses are useless to those who will see only through their passions, and those who see only with the eyes of reason, need no MAGIC SPECTACLES."

TO OBTAIN BEER FROM CHALK.—In London, according to Punch, a great deal of beer is obtained from chalk. The system is to establish a good credit at a public house, and when this is once obtained you can easily induce the proprietor to "chalk you down" for almost any amount. This recipe for obtaining beer has been used to some little extent in this country for several years.

From the Magazines

FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER.

THE FAIR MAID OF FLANDERS.

BY ROBERT L. WADE.

"Oh who can measure woman's love,
Or probe its depth and length!
With all the meekness of a dove,
It hath a lion's strength."

'Twas a night of festivity in Flanders. The ancestral old country seat of the puissant and far-famed Count Baldwin, ruler of the province, was illumed with thousands of brilliant lights and tapers, displayed at every loop, and window, and outlet of the time-worn pile. The strains of rich, joyous music, that filled the air with melody most sweet, told in language too impressive to be mistaken, that naught but gayety for the moment reigned within. Over turret, battlement and tower, bright banners, and gay festoons, waved their silken folds to the light evening breeze; within the spacious halls, resounded the rapturous strains of soul-inspiring music—the light, gay laughter of merry-hearted damsels, the measured tread of of the dancer's steps, the lay of the welcomed troubadour blending the sweet inflections of his voice with the harmony of his instrument, the shouts of health and wassail, the carousal of the banquet, and the busy hum of human voices, mingling their many tones, and sending heavenward, a strange and confusing, yet far from unpleasing, medly sound and noise, din and riot.

Without, 'twas a scene of splendor and serenity. Down upon one of the richest garden spots of nature that earth can boast of, poured the soft light of the bright moon in the full flood of glory and magnificence; and as the trees and shrubbery waved their young limbs and branches with the influence of the breeze, the luxuriant glades and spreading lawns, were chequered with changing spots of light and shade, most beautiful to look upon. And there were those there, who deemed that nature was gifted with attractions quite equal to those displayed within; for, as the hours moved on, and higher, yet higher, rode the sovereign of the night, one by one, and in couples, aye, and even in parties of three and four, had members of that vast company there assembled, stolen from the dissipation and excitement of the ball-room, to the battlements and tower-walls; until there had now collected upon the outworks and platforms of the castle, at least a third of those who had there met for the occasion, to receive entertainment, and enjoy the hospitality of the mighty Lord of Flanders.

But there was one couple upon the platform leading to the tower gate, that kept aloof, and seemed to have no communion with the rest. When the chivalric and courteous Count Baldwin had been informed that a portion of his company had left the dance, to enjoy the coolness of the night in the open, unpolluted air, with that kindness and urbanity which he ever evinced for the comfort and gratification of his guests, he had ordered a display of fire-balloons, and the attendance of a band of music upon the lawn, to the sight of the eastern wing of the house; and now, when those for whose pleasure these matters had been arranged, had flocked toward that side from whence they could most readily witness the performance, and listen to the music, this solitary couple moved not from the spot which they had, from the first, occupied, but remained gazing in silence over the mossy parapet, toward the far-off precipitous heights of the rocky Jura, which were visible from where they stood, marking the boundary of fair France.

The elder of the two, was a young man, in the prime and flower of youth, a graceful, and apparently gentle chevalier, of stately mein, and pleasing countenance, and arrayed in rich robes of fur and cloth, adorned with jewels. He wore a small velvet cap, from which rose a single long heron's feather; a baldrick of satin, worked with golden flowers, crossed his silken tunic from his shoulder to his side, where hung a long, narrow, Italian blade, in a golden scabbard, with its hilt of mother-of-pearl, garnished with many costly jewels, and in the girdle that circled his waist, was thrust, more for ornament, than any fears of the necessity of its being required for use, a small dirk in a curiously carved and ornamented sheath. Close unto his companion, a damsel—aye, and young and lovely too. He had stationed himself, with one hand closely clasping hers, and pouring into her ear, if impassioned gestures, and an earnest eloquent expression of his countenance, may be construed into such a meaning, a tale of ardent, uncontrolable, and enthusiastical love, of deep and pure devotion, unwavering and sincere. And, well, indeed, might he find room in his warm and youthful heart, to enshrine the image of that sweet being, for never, since the day, when for a misdemeanor—to call it by no harsher name—mother Eve was expelled from celestial Eden, had there dawned upon the earth a brighter creature, or one better modelled by nature's hands, to turn the hearts of all the world, and set them quarrelling for love of her rich beauty. Twenty summers had not flushed upon her rosy cheeks; but, although thus young, the fame of her unmatched and peerless presence, had resounded through all the courts of christendom, and kings had not disdained to enter the field in competition for her hand and heart. But as yet, that stubborn thing, the latter, had not felt the influence of love. All went as they had come, unsuccessful in their suits, and even he who was now suffered to whisper unchecked of his fond hopes of winning, where many had failed, was listened to with apathy and coldness, and more out of respect and friendship for the speaker, than for any sympathy that might be lurking in her bosom with the burden of his words. Thus tarried they upon that spot, while time flew by with wonderful rapidity, until the moon had attained that height in the heavens, which betokened midnight; yet, neither had manifested any disposition to retire, until, in reply to a passionate exclamation, and a torrent of burning protestations, which burst from the lips of the youthful suitor, for the hundreth time within the hour, the maiden answered irrevocably, but with such winning grace and loveliness, that it but caused him to love her yet more madly than before:

"Urge me no more, I pray you. I grieve much, and have often heretofore, that you and I, my brave cousin, can never be to each other, more than we are now. Ask me not why. I cannot tell you. Desist, therefore, I beseech you, in thus pressing me so, for it will but serve to raise greater obstacles. My respect, esteem, friendship, nay, more, my love, is yours; but your wife, I can never be. Seek out some one more worthy to be your bride, and in her caresses, forget one who is not worthy of your passing thoughts. Come, let us in—the night grows chilly, and see, the platform is deserted, and we are left alone. Perchance we may be missed, and scandal will then be in circulation. Come."

She extended her hand toward the statue-like youth, who, immediately accepting it pressed it first to his heart, and then to his lips, and as he did, a tear trickled from his glistening eyes, and fell upon it. Hastily brushing away the signs of his weakness, he then led her gently down the steps, and shortly after re-appeared in the ball-room, divested of every trace of his late emotion, and apparently the gayest of the gay. Loud and riotous were the bacchanalian choruses that shook the fretted ceiling of the banqueting room, for the Lord of the mansion, and of the province, was there, with the flower of his court, doing the honors and courtesies of hospitality to the envoy then newly arrived from England's shore. The board was spread in the centre of the apartment, capable of entertaining at least a score of knights and retainers upon each side, but those that were now engaged in the carousal, were limited to two or three and thirty, picked from the noblest families of the land. Upon a raised platform or dais, at the upper end of the hall, was seated Baldwin the Fifth, surnamed the gentle Earl of Flanders, a man who had attained the middle age of life, possessed of a singularly mild, benign and amiable disposition, united to a pleasing countenance, and graceful form, now arrayed in garments of costliest velvet, silk and satin, adorned with minever and down, and lace from the looms of his own country, the richest in the world, and sparkling with golden ornaments and jewels, scattered in rich profusion about his person. On his right hand was seated the ambassador of England's Edward the Confessor, the far-famed and oft sung Brihtric Snaw, (the son of Algar, the Lord of Gloucester,) who, contemporary chroniclers inform us, was the handsomest and most courteous gentleman of his time, a perfect model of grace and manly beauty, of kind and gentle bearing. Besides those who were quaffing the sparkling liquids at the board, ever and anon breaking forth into roars of boisterous merriment, the hall was filled with men-at-arms, seneschals, pages, cupbearers, and last, though far from being held in the lowest estimation, a gentle troubadour from the sunny South, who chaunted the loves of noble lords and ladies, in a manner that elicited the heartiest commendations from those who chanced to catch his magic strains, and drew down from them thunders of applause, and the more substantial remuneration of showers of golden coin. Lights also gleamed in every nich and corner of the room, and the air, agitated by the full, deep tones of the many human voices, rustled the various flags, and banners, and silken trophies, festooned upon the walls, and from the ceiling, shaking from them clouds of choking dust, that probably had there accumulated undisturbed, for years.

"Wesl and wassail to the Saxon King, Edward of England," suddenly exclaimed the Count of Flanders, during the temporary lull of the confusion, springing to his feet, and waving aloft a massy goblet of virgin gold, filled to the brim with the juice of the fruits of the vines of France.

"Wesl and wassail to the Saxon King!" repeated, with vociferous shouts, every knight and noble at the table. And up rose their cups and goblets, as their holders started to their feet to drink the health of the Island monarch, amidst the lengthened and reiterated applause of the assembled soldiery and retainers. "Thanks, thanks kind and many, for your courtesy and friendly feeling, most noble lords," replied the youthful envoy, with becoming grace and modesty, as soon as he could make the rich tones of his voice audible. "Doubt not, but that for this kindly reception of his representative, my honored master will feel deeply grateful to the mighty lords of Flanders. Permit me, ere I resume my seat, to pledge you, in this bright wine, the health of one infinitely dear to you—to me—to all who know him; the brave, the virtuous chivalric, and beloved upholder of your country's rights and dignities. Wesl, then, and wassail,—and shake the walls and roofs, the towers, battlements, and turrets to their centre—aye, shake the building to its very deepest foundation,—to the long life and health, glory, honor and prosperity, of one of the first and mightiest of the rulers of the earth—the good and gentle Baldwin, Earl of Flanders." And indeed, the shouts and cries, and exclamations that followed his brief speech, did shake the palace to its centre, and joining in the roar, the whole body of the assembled followers, swelled the tumult and confusion with the utmost power of their lungs, evincing how strong a hold the love of their noble ruler had upon their hearts.

"You will think, I trow," whispered the Earl to Brihtric Snaw, as soon as this momentary confusion had, in a measure subsided, as the parties paused for breath, "You will think that we are but a boorish set, and can decide far better about the qualities of the contents of our wine-cups, than upon matters of a loftier and more manly nature."

"Nay, indeed, my Lord," rejoined the other, with happy elocution, "'twas not in relaxation of convivial hours, that those actions were wrought which ranked your people among the wisest and bravest of the earth. None may expect that the loosened bow will speed the quarrel."

Bowing in return for the compliment evidently intended to be conveyed in this reply, Count Baldwin rose from his seat, and proposed leaving the banquet to their companions, and adjourning to the dance. The fair young envoy, with a smile of acquiescence, immediately adjusted his garments, which had become somewhat displaced in the revelry of the hour, and followed his steps through the long halls and corridors, until they reached a large oaken door, quaintly carved upon the outside, into Scripture scenes, which the Count threw open, and motioning for his companion to enter, they found themselves in the midst of a crowd of lords and ladies, whirling along in the mazes of the dance, to the time of rich and joyous music.

It was, indeed, a gay scene to look upon. Banners and ensigns were drooping from the walls and ceiling; wreaths and flowers, woodbine and eglantine circled the massive pillars that supported the gallery, wherein the musicians of the court were rolling out their strains of melody; beauty, bright, young beauty, and manly grace, and all the charms of kind and courteous intercourse, lent their aid to render the passing moments festive and free from sorrow. But among the many glistening eyes that rested in admiration upon the faultless countenance of the youthful Saxon, there was one pair gleaming forth from beneath the snowy brow of the loveliest maiden in the hall, which told of ardent, instantaneous affection, of love not to be rebuked nor stifled with impunity. Yes, the fair daughter of the ruler of the realm, the beautiful Matilda, she whom we have seen upon the battlements of her father's towers, listening with cold and chilling apathy, to the fierce and impassioned words that burned upon the lips of her youthful suitor, who little dreamed then, of the future life that destiny had marked out for him, had at last been made to feel that tumult in her own heart, which she had caused in those of others. By her side still tarried the hopeless lover, and he marked, that suddenly, instead of the passionless, yet friendly words that she bestowed upon him, no answers were returned to his reiterated questions. Silent she sat, gazing fixedly at some object in the room, and following with his eyes, the direction of her glance, they encountered the smiling face of Brihtric Snaw. His heart instantly recoiled, for, with that single look, he comprehended all, and was convinced that all his efforts were worse than useless. With a deep drawn sigh, he turned away, unnoticed by the idol of his affections, and sought, by plunging deeply into the pleasures of the hour, to drive from his mind the remembrance of the thorn that rankled there. Vain hope!

* * * * * * * *

One, two, three weeks—a month, passed away, while the young envoy was detained at the court of Flanders, and most assiduously did the fair Matilda endeavor to attach him to herself, during the hours that he could spare from the business of his mission, and draw him into an acknowledgment that the passion which she but too keenly felt within her own bosom, was reciprocated by him. But without avail! Most true, he seemed to linger around her as much as possible, to anticipate all her wishes, serve her with the most devoted fidelity, and become, in fact, her only companion. But no fire of love kindled in his heart, or shot its flickering flame through his sparkling eyes; no lisp of fond or tender affection, had he suffered to escape his lips, and neither word nor action evinced that he regarded her any more than as a lovely and fascinating woman, and an agreeable companion with whom to while away the passing hours.

Thus did matters progress with the two—she loving with all the concentrated fierceness and emotion of ardent love; he, unconscious that he had excited any feelings but those which absence, now speedily approaching, could easily efface. Thus, as I have said, did matters progress, until the day before the one assigned for his departure, when Brihtric Snaw received a message that the Princess would be pleased to see him. The summons was immediately obeyed, and following the page, he was soon in the presence of the Lady Matilda. She was alone in her apartment, and as the page retired, after having ushered in the envoy, she rose from her couch, upon which she had been reclining, and offered her hand to him. Raising it to his lips with accustomed gallantry, he pressed thereon a tender kiss, when he was startled by a warm tear-drop that fell upon his uncovered neck. Looking up, he found with much surprise, that the pearly liquid was welling up to the eyes of the lovely maiden, and that her cheeks were wet with its overflow.

"In the name of the holy Virgin, I exhort thee, lady, to tell me what secret grief has moved you thus!"

For an instant, she gazed into his eyes, as if she would have read, with the aid of only her own passion, the thoughts that were flitting through his mind, and then, as her entire frame was agitated with some inward convulsive effort, she threw herself upon his bosom, encircled his neck with her soft arms, and in a low voice, broken with sobs and sighs, exclaimed—

"Cast me not off, I beseech you. I am mad—mad. My brain is turned, and I care not what I do. You leave me to-morrow, and despair has driven me to this. Hear me—Oh! hear me—cast me not off. Let me lay my aching head upon this place—keep me to your bosom—Oh! would that you might forever,—for I love you, dearly, madly, rashly, body and soul forever!"

Astonishment—utter, petrifying astonishment, for a time, held the young man dumb at these words. He knew not what to say—how to answer this sudden and unexpected declaration.

"Consider, dear lady,"—he at length found tongue to say—but ere he could get any further, she interrupted him with,

"Not a word—urge no obstacles. I will not, cannot listen to them. I have not come to this rashly, nor without consideration. I have thought, meditated, pondered and dreamed upon it for weeks, and now, that you know all, my heart is relieved, and nothing will swerve me from my fixed, unalterable determination. Yours I am, and yours only; and with you will I go. I am prepared for sudden action—for immediate, instantaneous flight. With you, I am happy—mistress or wife, I care not, so that I but possess your love, and gladly will I follow you to the ends of the earth, happy to be the object of your affections, and wishing for naught else."

"It may not—cannot be, lady," answered Brihtric Snaw, in an anxious tone. "Reflect awhile, and this folly——"

"Ha! folly, said you!" said the maiden, loosing her arms from the tight hold which they had maintained around his neck, and drawing back a few feet, "folly, is it?"

"Even so," answered Brihtric Snaw, perceiving that the circumstance required firmness and decision. "But a few weeks from now, when I shall be in mine own country, you will rail against this weak outburst of yours, and find another, whom you will love better."

"Never!" she answered.

"Then, but one thing more remains for me to say," continued he, slowly, and perhaps sadly, "lady, my affections I can never give to you, for they are——"

"Another's!" she interrupted with startling emphasis.

"Another's. In mine own land there dwells a maiden, unto whom my heart is plighted, and not crowns and kingdoms will tempt me to break that pledge."

"Then, may God curse you both. You shall one day find cause to think of this moment," said she with imprecating look and gesture, sweeping from the room, leaving him to meditate and sorrow over the occurences of the hour.

* * * * * * *

Years, long years passed away. The young and beautiful Matilda had become the bride of the suitor whom she had scorned on the evening of her first meeting with Brihtric Snaw, and that suitor had swelled the roar of arms around the land of Britain, and now wore the Saxon crown, under the name and title of William the Conqueror. Yet, the lapse of time had not cooled in the least, the resentment that rankled in the heart of the lovely Queen against the object of her first affections. Long did she meditate upon certain and sweet revenge, and when her lord and husband had brought his countrymen to the yoke of bondage, and the opportunity presented itself, even before she had set her foot upon the green sward of her newly conquered kingdom, by her orders, her emissaries had seized upon the person of her formerly beloved Saxon, and having stripped him of everything that he possessed, wife, children, friends, property and all, threw him into a deep dungeon of a subterranean prison, there to linger out the remainder of his days in misery and torment.*

* By consulting "Thierry's Norman Conquest," and that deeply interesting and well written work of Agnes Strickland, the "Queens of England," the reader will find that this imperfect and hasty sketch possesses the merit of truth.

FROM THE SOUTHERN LITERARY MESSENGER, FOR FEB.

THE MORNING LIGHT.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

Gladdening gift to all fresh, pure things,
Children and flowers and birds and springs!
Chasing the night, when I feel thee come,
With her step so slow, and her lip so dumb;
I joy, that though wearied and worn it be,
My soul hath a welcome still for thee!

Sleepless and lone since set of sun,
I have wished that the long, dark hours were done;
Watching the shadows upon the wall,
And the lamps their flame in its rise and fall,
And praying for rest from the pitiless pain
That sickened my heart and bewildered my brain.

Fretted with thoughts of thee, I lay,
And of voices of children out at play,
And of opening buds in the new-lit wood,
With birds to sing for their solitude,—
The birds whose faint, sweet notes I hear,
'Mid the tinkling chime of streamlets clear.

Though I did not hope with the day to see,
The flowers beneath, nor upon the tree,
Nor the spring boil up through the glittering sands,
I knew that blossoms, by little hands
Would come, with the water to cool my brow,
With which it is bathed so kindly now.

Soothing it is, in a close sick room,
To have a wild-flower's soft perfume,
That was gathered from where we have loved to go,
The tribute of innocent hearts, to show
That e'en in their merriest hour, are not
We and our helplessness, forgot!

Sweet, when our veins with fever burn,
A draught just drawn from its forest-urn,
Telling of moss that has round it crept,—
Of lights and shades that have o'er it swept,
Of the pictures of leaves that have on it lain,
And of gems it has caught from the summer rain!

Glorious Giver! Oh, let my sight
Ne'er shrink away from thy morning light,
With shame for wishes or thoughts of sin,
Nestled and fed my heart within;
Nor with fear for deeds that would stain my way,
Of the watchful eyes that awake with day!

FROM SARGENT'S MAGAZINE, FOR MARCH.

A FRAGMENT.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

As some vast lake, where thousand currents tend
And chafe and glitter as their waters blend,
Now fresh and stainless from their mountain home,
Now by rough channels scourged to eddying foam,
Or darkly turbid, as with sullen toil
They sweep in shadow through the loosening soil,
Flung from tall cliffs in many a bright cascade,
Or creeping voiceless through the leafy shade,—
So, in the scene of man's tumultuous strife,
Mingle and melt the murmuring waves of life.
There he that basks in fortune's noontide blaze
Spreads his gay honors to the vulgar gaze;
There the pale artist writes his lowly name,
And faints for bread to feed the vulture fame;
There haggard vice secures his last retreat,
And shameless hearts grow harder as they meet;
There the lost exile, friendless and alone,
Broods o'er his griefs, unknowing and unknown;
There passion's victim, in the careless throng,
In deepening guilt, forgets her girlhood's wrong;
And pallid shapes, unnoticed as they fade,
With trembling lips implore the stranger's aid;
And wearied age, unconscious of repose,
And sickly childhood, born to want and woes,
Joined by stern fate in one tumultuous sphere,
In one dark vortex roll and disappear!

FROM THE LADY'S WORLD.

LUCY WYNNE;

OR, RUSTIC

Felicity and Fashionable Misery.

BY J. AUSTIN SPERRY.

CHAPTER I.

The term fashion is merely the *elite* synonyme of display, and near a city every object is indelibly and universally stamped with it. What in its original beauty the Great Author sealed Nature, the art of man contorts into a second edition marked Fashion. Modesty is not the germ of a court, and if by accident it blooms among the weeds of fashion, it becomes by the contrast an eccentricity—it is turned into ridicule by the congregation of arrogance around it, in which vanity struggles to out-brazen vanity. Devoid of modesty, the fashionable man of the city is only happy when prominent: and like the man are his works. If you would seek his mansion, you must raise your eyes to where it frowns upon the hill-top, or towers up from the lowland to a height that is immoderately disproportioned to its base, as if its aspiring chimneys were endeavoring to overreach the more elevated situation of its neighbors. And strange, that the monuments of his pride should so reflect upon his silly vanity, that where by his works he has most labored to show his superiority his insignificance should become most apparent. For amidst all his gaudy grandeur, is not the plotting denizen of the city less noble than the rustic who dwells and meditates honestly with nature in her plainest garb: or can the one, who revels in the artificial haunts of luxury and vice, enjoy a tithe of the happiness of the other, who sits at feasts of the Omnipotent's preparation, and pledges Heaven in the pure nectar of the forest fountain? Ere the interrogation is answered, permit us to make a narration.

It was near the midnight hour of a still November night, that a light still glimmered from the windows of a cottage, whose plain walls were modestly half concealed in a locust grove, at the extremity of a romantic vale in Western Virginia. A lone female, and handsome, though rather beyond the meridian of life, kept vigil by the fire-side, within a small and rudely, but comfortably furnished room. The Holy Book was open upon her knee, and she was poring over the sacred pages like one engaged in seeking provision for her spiritual necessities; but as at intervals a stirring of the air without would awake the midnight stillness to a whisper, she would start—erect her bowed form and lean her head in a listening attitude, which betrayed there was something of earth not wholly banished her bosom.

She was a mother; and closely enshrouded in a bed that graced the room, slumbered her charge, a light-haired boy. The child stirred, and, as if the day's sport lingered in his dreams, dashed the bed-clothes from his slender form, and laughed aloud. The mother approached the bed, re-composed the disturbed covering about the boy's frame, kissed his unconscious cheek, and then, startled by the sound of horses' feet without, turned, with an eager smile, to the door. In another moment she was clasped in a husband's arms. After the mutual congratulations and endearments of the meeting were over, the wife spread a slight, not inelegant repast, and while the travel-wearied man refreshed himself he rehearsed what he had seen in his absence.

He had been in New York some weeks endeavoring to secure a small claim of which some heartless worldling had attempt to defraud him. Tardy justice had awarded him his due, and that was a source of gratification to both—not that they needed or prized the "lucre," for their little farm afforded them an easy living, and they were not of a discontented disposition: but they possessed no little moiety of parental pride; they had formed large plans to educate and start their boy in the world. And as the father spoke of his success, he glanced toward the bed as if he would fain have embraced the child.

"He sleeps," said the mother in a suppressed tone, as if she feared to disturb the little slumberer; and the father resumed his narration. The few weeks he had spent in the North had been peculiarly marked by the boisterous spirit of political excitement. He described the nocturnal meetings and the torch light processions; the endless arrays of mottoed transparencies, and thousands of voices that shouted response to the words of impassioned orators.

The child roused by the familiar voice, slipped from the bed and crouched his light form, silently and unobserved, by the father's side. With an eager ear did he drink in the glowing descriptions, which, although he scarcely comprehended them, conveyed to his delighted imagination an idea of something greatly wonderful—something that made his little heart leap wild, with an indistinct anticipation of sometime mingling in those glorious scenes himself—*glorious*, because novelty and pageantry constitute the Eden of a childish fancy. At length as he became more excited by the picture, he laid his hand upon his fathers arm, who, for the first time conscious of his presence, regarded a moment in mute surprise the tiny wonder-wrapped features that were upturned to his, and then clasped the little one fondly to his heart in an embrace of parental love. He little imagined, however, that his words had made an impression upon that young mind which would only be dissipated by the sad reality of future experience. But it was so! The slightest circumstance in childhood has often fixed the colors of an after life, and from that moment, a dream of ambition filled the boy's breast—at first only manifested in a longing for the empty gorgeousness of the, to him unknown, world; but in time assuming the deeper shade of ambitious aspiration.

CHAPTER II.

As we have but brief space to chronicle the events of nearly a life-time, we must start an avalanche of ten years from the hill-side of futurity into the valley of the past. More hopes and lives were buried in that avalanche than we can tell of. Among the rest, the father and mother, whom we introduced in the foregoing chapter, slept beneath the sod; the cottage and farm were tenanted, though not owned, by strangers, and the child was sprung into the proud youth. He had become the ward of a wealthy farmer, whose domains were adjacent to his father's, and who, during the latter's life had been his most valued friend. And well did farmer Wynne acquit himself of the duties of guardian. He reared his ward as one of his own children, and improved and watched over his little estate, with as much care as if it had belonged to his own issue. All the accomplishments and knowledge that might be obtained from the academy of a neighboring county town, he was made master of, and at the age of eighteen Rufus Barton began to think of choosing an occupation for life. There were those in the neighborhood who thought that his guardian's only daughter, the lovely Lucy Wynne, had done some execution on his heart—and they thought right, for he did love the girl, and not vainly: they were long ago betrothed. There were those who thought, too, that with so gentle a being for a companion, and so noble an heritage as the Wynne estate superadded to his own, he would be contented to settle himself quietly for life in his native country. But in this they counted without their host, for the youth had a strange yearning to mingle in the mad struggles of an ambitious world. Ever since his childish ear had been delighted with the scenes described by his father upon the night of his return from New York, his breast had been filled with a desire to behold the fulfilment of his dreams of pageantry; and now that the time had arrived for him to select a profession, he determined to seek one somewhere in the turmoil and excitement of a great city.

His guardian opposed the determination. He had himself known something of the vices and dissipations of the city, and he felt that to throw the boy alone amongst them would be tempting his ruin. He therefore reasoned, commanded, and entreated, but all to no effect. Rufus persisted, and as he could not obtain his guardian's consent, prepared to go without it.

The hour he fixed for his departure arrived. It was a sultry morning in August—scarce nine o'clock, and yet the sun's intense beam had already drank every particle of dew from the blades of the tasselled corn. Leaf and shrub were drooping lazily, or seemed to shrink from its ardent ray; the flocks had ceased to graze in the fields, and sought shelter in the woodland shades, and scarce a plumed aerial citizen but had furled his wings close in some leafy nook. Rufus, after a final interview with his guardian, left the mansion-house, and, with feelings too ardent to be affected, even by the fierce summer's sun, pursued his course toward a thick grove that stood isolated in a broad tract of meadow-land. That grove was the appointed spot for his farewell interview with the little mistress of his heart. He entered it.

With her small feet—the delicacy of whose proportions a Chinese princess might have envied—pressing a moss-fringed rock, her fair form bent slightly forward, with one round arm resting upon the bared limb of a shrivelled oak, which leaned half horizontally above the noisy brook that dashed by its roots, and with her blue eye fixed thoughtfully on the whirling eddies of the stream, stood Lucy Wynne. She was clad in a simple white dress of lawn. The broad calash bonnet that had shaded her brow was laid aside, and the dark ringlets danced unconfined about her graceful neck, while the blue scarf, thrown carelessly back, fell mingling with the folds of her dress, leaving her fair shoulders, and the outline of her lily bust, exposed to the soft breeze that stole through the sylvan spot. She seemed tracing a dream in the silver spray, that leaped, as if in vain endeavor to reach the ruby lips that mocked it from above.

Rufus Barton almost feared to disturb the picture, and hesitated—but too late, for her quick ear had caught his step. She dropped her careless attitude, and modestly reinstated the truant scarf in its proper office. She only half smiled as she extended him her hand, and vainly struggled to be playful, or to seem indifferent, as she said:—"Rufus, you only jest—you are not going to leave us?"

"I am earnest, Lucy; I have come to bid you a short adieu. In three years I shall be what the world calls a man—"

"*Of the world!*" added Lucy, half reproachfully.

"*In* the world, I hope," continued the youth. "I hope I shall have found a home, and a reputation in it. Then I shall return, and lead you to share them."

"Men keep no promises!" sighed the girl, with an air of unaffected melancholy.

"Then call me not a man," said the youth with warmth; "and reserve your gloomy quotations until there is need for them—which trust me shall be never! But come, now, let us think lightly of it. The separation will be short—only three years."

"*Only* three! And you call it short!"

"Surely! Lucy. Look back. Three years ago we had just learned to love, and it seems but yesterday."

"Ah! but that time has been like a pleasant dream," replied Lucy. "No parting—no absence—no fears. Besides, how do I know but that you may make love to a dozen others in your absence?"

"Well, dearest," pursued the youth sportively, "so I return true at last, it will be more delightful, by being so much the more romantic."

"But in that case," rejoined the girl, "you would be enjoying *all* the romance at my expense."

"Are you selfish?" enquired the youth, in the same selfish strain.

"In nothing but your affections," she replied, and a tear that trembled in her eye betrayed how little she relished such jesting.

"Nay, then, if you take light words so unkindly," returned Rufus, "I must needs be serious, and swear constancy if you like. But come, a parting kiss, and then adieu, for I have tarried too long."

"Nay! that would ill accord with the modesty you so much admire."

"Modesty! To love as we have—and even a single pressure of the lips on such a separation!"

"You called it short but now."

"And yet long enough to atone for the sin of a parting ——."

Lucy laid her finger on his lips to prevent the words, then yielding as reluctantly, and as timidly as if she feared the very trees would prate of the guilty license. A pressure of the hand—a tear brushed from either's eye, and they parted.

"'Tis well," colloquized the girl, indulging in those feelings of melancholy presentiment, which, no matter how much confidence may be placed in the possessor of the heart, will present themselves on such occasions: "'tis well, I gave no more lasting token to be laughed at and mocked when vows are broken."

"Many a true word spoken in jest," whispered a voice. Lucy trembled, and glanced searchingly around her. Had there been a silent witness of the scene? No! 'twas only imagination. And yet she doubted. The next moment her doubt was confirmed. The figure of a small woman, with brown features and jetty eye-brows, sprang nimbly from behind a tree, and tapping a tamburine with her slender fingers, laughed in the astonished girl's face. Lucy shrank from her gaze with an exclamation of terror; but soon recovering, in some measure, her self-possession, she asked, in a faltering tone, "what creature are you?"

"Not a fairy," replied the woman, while a smile lighted the brown features that once, certainly, had been fascinating. "But you are a fairy," she continued; "your's is a sweet face, and I marvel much if the youth can soon forget it. No!—what!—have I lived and beheld so many false lovers, to marvel at one? No! no! But may be he will be true—he looked as if he meant to be."

"Who and what are you!" interrupted Lucy, her curiosity and interest awakened by the manner of the strange woman, and her stranger prattle.

"Who, and what!" repeated the woman. "Does not this speak me a wanderer?"—and she threw her tamborine into the air, dexterously catching it as it descended, and poising it on her thumb, then passing her fingers lightly over its breathing surface, she sung—

"Oh, I have roved in many lands,
And many friends I've met"—

"No! not many—not many friends, but many mortals. I've been in England—I've been in France—I've been in Italy, and I shall die in America."

She paused, and Lucy, emboldened by her singular familiarity, as well as pleased with her voice, which was sweetly rich, asked her to sing again.

"Lady!" said the minstrel woman, "I often think of England, the dear land of my birth, and remember how my young days were passed in roving its bright hills, and then I can only sing—

"In the days when we went gipsying,
A long time ago,
The lads and lasses in their best
Were dressed from top to toe.
We danced, and sang the jocund strain
Upon the forest green;
And sought but mirth and jollity
Around as could be seen.
And thus we passed the pleasant time,
Nor thought of care nor woe,
In the days when we went gipsying
A long time ago.

Ah those happy, happy days—they are gone! Like you, I had a lover then—he's gone, too! Pretty lady! did you never hear of a—*gipsey?*"

At the effect which the last sentence produced upon Lucy, the woman burst into a wild, loud laugh, which she suddenly checked, laid her hands convulsively upon her heart, and bounding with a fearful shriek, fell into the arms of the bewildered girl. A serpent which had stung her, fled hissing, and disappeared with its slimy folds in a clump of tall weeds that grew by the margin of the stream.

CHAPTER III.

Three years passed, and Rufus Barton kept not his promise with Lucy Wynne. He had reached the city of Baltimore, and applied his mind to the study of law. By the aid of a tolerable figure, and a tolerable address he had been enabled to move in the first of the fashionable circles, and had become initiated into all the tolerable vices, and intolerable extravagancies of *the ton*. In short, he had spent three years in a round of continual enjoyment, and, as might be expected, had ceased to think of Lucy, except, as a *quondam* rustic flame—a simple blossom of the country garden, not to be compared with the gaudy flowers of the city *boudoir*. Moreover, he had run this very fashionable career, without—a by no means rare example—ever pausing to *count the cost*. It may for a while be avoided, but the day of reckoning eventually *must* come. It did come to our hero.

He was sitting in his room on the evening of his twenty-first birth day, for the first time engaged in serious reflection upon the course of his past life, and for the first time he began to entertain a doubt of the future. He was pondering over a letter just received from his guardian, which closed thus:—"The sum enclosed includes the last cent of principal and interest of the four thousand dollars which your departed father left in my hands for your disposal. How you have managed to squander that amount in three years is best known to yourself. With economy and prudence, you might have been enabled to live upon little more than the interest, and at the expiration of your minority, which will be in a few days, might have had at your command a reasonable capital to invest in some profitable business. All that now remains in my hands is the little farm, with the buildings upon it, which are worth probably a thousand. What your prospects are you have never given me to understand, but I hope the least of my fears may never be realized."

This was rather a gloomy source of contemplation, and for the moment he deeply felt the merited rebuke. After the first harrowing feelings subsided, he began making himself promises of amendment. But those promises somewhat resembled the hints of political economy so often thrown out by our legislators, the commencement of which is dated at some point a little distant in the future—which point, however, they wisely endow with the power of locomotion, so that it recedes with an impetus exactly proportioned to the momentum with which it is approached. Making resolutions is an easy way of compromising matters with conscience, and after an hour thus spent, Rufus rose, and with his accustomed buoyancy of spirit, prepared his toilette for an evening party.

A few months afterward he was admitted to the bar, and prepared to enter upon the duties of a practitioner. He had taken a little office in Court-house Lane, and put out his "shingle," where day after day he looked anxiously for some stray case, in which to try the strength of his new fledged pinions. At length his good, or ill, fortune sent him a client. He entered into the case with an alacrity and vigor which could not but promise success. The day of trial arrived. The court-room was crowded, as it was a case of some interest; and after the usual routine of examination and cross-examination of witnesses was gone through, our hero arose to make his maiden speech. The commencement was tolerable, but he soon became so confused that he scarce uttered a sentence without a blunder. He stammered on, however, unencouraged by any manifestation of applause from his audience, and at length took his seat amid jibes and whispers too loud and plain to be mistaken. The feelings of mortified pride, despair, and anguish which were moving him inwardly, might easily have been traced upon his brow, as he passed from the court-room. Although the cause was decided in his favor, he drew no consolation from it, for he knew that the success was not to be attributed to his own ability, but to the incontrovertible nature of the testimony adduced on the part of his client. Many bitter taunts from the crowd around him met his ears, and fell like searing-irons upon his brain. He reached the door, and in the excitation of his feelings was muttering a sentence of despair, when a voice whispered in his ear, "Try again for the love of Lucy Wynne." He turned as quick as thought, but not quick enough to detect the speaker, for whoever it was, he or she had disappeared, and left him upon the rack of profound mystery. An idea at first crossed his brain that Lucy herself might have been lingering near him unknown; but a moment's reflection proved that such a thing was preposterous. Besides the tones still rung in his ear, and they bore no resemblance to Lucy's, or time had marvellously changed them. His next impulse was to return and seek the unknown speaker in the crowd, but another thought showed him the madness of such an attempt. Continuing his steps to his office, he threw himself into a chair, and gave himself up to gloomy speculations upon the events of the last few brief hours. The breast full of hopes with which he had entered the court-room, his mortifying failure, the taunts of the crowd, and lastly, the mysterious voice, all whirled before his mind, until in the intoxication of grief and wonder he could scarce persuade himself but that all was a dream.

CHAPTER IV.

For several days Rufus' mind was haunted with thoughts of his early love. Conscience smote him for his forgotten vows, and all the delightful hours he had passed with Lucy rushed back upon his memory. What a reproachful host of feelings the words of the mysterious voice had awakened! Recollections that wrung from his breast the deep groans of repentance, for they came like avengers of true affections slighted, to scourge the false heart. How he longed to return to the home of his childhood, and to lay himself at the feet of the mistress of his young affections—to be forgiven for all his errors, and to luxuriate once more in the quiet of love and seclusion. But oh! the pride of the human heart, that strongest cord that binds men to misery! Iron fetters from Vulcan's forge, could not more effectually have restrained from obeying the dictates of his inclinations. If he returned, might she not now reject him, and would not her father spurn him as a beggard spendthrift! To entertain the idea for a moment was worse than lunacy. He had plunged into the flood and there was no returning, the only alternative was to swim it through or sink. He tried to forget—to banish the galling reflections; and circumstances which soon began to transpire in the busy life he had chosen, favored his endeavors. He applied himself closer than ever to study and to his business, and in the course of a year, a brighter prospect dawned upon him. He really possessed talent, and notwithstanding the chagrin of his first unsuccessful effort, he had soon the satisfaction of feeling his merits appreciated. His success exceeded even his fondest anticipations. He had acquired a tolerable practice, which was daily increasing, and he was already gaining an enviable popularity as a public speaker.

Two years more rolled through their seasons, and placed our hero, by a succession of the most fortunate circumstances, in the possession of some little wealth, and of prospects, the realization of which would have filled the cup of any moderate ambition. Among other things, he was a favored suitor for the hand of the daughter of one of the most wealthy and respectable citizens of the city of monuments.

With a tall and voluptuous figure; a face in which sweetness seemed to blend with intellectuality; a mind stored with the rich treasures of learning, and conversational powers the most engaging, Clara McAlvin stood the foremost of city belles. With the rest of her accomplishments she was, without seeming so, a finished and heartless coquette; and our hero's growing reputation made him an enviable mark for the battery of her artful charms. She

"And deep is the debt of gratitude I owe her for restoring me to my treasure—to you, dear Lucy!"

"But how long is the restoration to last?" asked she, archly "you will roam again."

"Never!" he exclaimed. "Next week (you have consented) we shall be united, and then where I roam you will. But banish your fears; for I have had too bitter experience ever again to forsake RUSTIC FELICITY for FASHIONABLE MISERY."

United States SATURDAY POST.

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO.

Philadelphia:
Saturday Morning, March 4, 1843.

NEW ARRANGEMENT.

Samuel D. Patterson, Esq., a gentleman well known as an able writer and practised editor, has become by purchase one of the proprietors of the United States Saturday Post. Mr. C. J. Peterson retires from the concern, and will hereafter devote his entire attention to his flourishing periodical, "*The Lady's World.*"

The firm will be changed to Samuel D. Patterson & Co., to whom all letters relative to the business of the establishment will hereafter be addressed.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The new arrangement renders it necessary that all outstanding accounts should be settled up as fast as possible. Will our friends who are in arrears, remit their accounts at once. They cannot complain that we have been in the habit of dunning, but now we urge payment promptly.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Our attentive readers (and it were profanation to suppose that the Post has any others) have not, of course, forgotten *Sir Robert Peel's* speech as published ...

THE NEW POSTAGE BILL.

The Bill originated by Mr. Merrick to prohibit the running of private expresses, has awakened universal denunciation. It proposes to prohibit absolutely the transmission of any mailable matter over a Post-Route, by any conveyance other than the Mails, under a penalty of $150 for each offence, one-half to the informer and the balance to the Government. By its terms, "mailable matter" is declared to mean, "*all letters and newspapers, and all magazines and pamphlets periodically published, and all written and printed matter whereof each copy or edition shall not exceed one pound in weight,*" bound books excepted.

We should not allude to this matter, as it has been pretty clearly demonstrated to be unconstitutional, were it not that the New York Tribune makes the following application of the law. Mr. Graham is about devoting a more undivided attention to the important work alluded to. The Tribune says—

"Graham's Magazine, of Philadelphia, issues some 50,000 copies monthly, of which probably one-half are sent to subscribers by mail, and the balance sold by the single copy in the Cities and principal Villages throughout the Union: 10,000 copies are forwarded in a box to this City at a cost of perhaps three dollars. Pass this Vandal bill into a law, and these copies must be sent by Mail at a cost of *seven hundred and fifty dollars per month.* But this will simply ruin the business. Not fifty of the 10,000 copies will be sent through the Mails. So of all the other Magazines. The sole effect will be to compel those who read Magazines to read only those printed in their own City, and do without all others."

As far as Graham's Magazine is concerned, its publisher is perfectly competent to control his own business, and our friends in New York and Boston, twenty thousand of whom read this Magazine, will not be thus summarily cut off from their favorite. Our heavy orders for New York and Boston we can, if necessary, ship by sea; and all orders for inland towns of over three hundred copies monthly, we shall ...

HARD TIMES FOR COOPERS.

It was stated in the New York Legislature a day or two ago, that "the salutary and wide-spread reformation from intemperance has so ruined the market for whiskey barrels, that the sales have fallen off ninety per cent." The coopers must turn their attention to the manufacture of meal tubs, beef and pork barrels, and other vessels to contain the necessaries of life, a proper proportion of which has been so long superseded by poison. It is truly cheerful to witness the solid comfort which has taken the place, in so many families, of former destitution.

Correspondence.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE OF THE SATURDAY POST.

A LETTER TO THE EDITOR, DATED
Bristol, England, February 2nd, 1843.

There is a precious piece of work here about a certain "red line map," found in the public archives of Paris, and marked by Dr. Franklin sixty years ago, to show the boundary between the United States and the British Provinces. By this document, it is affirmed, that the whole of the Disputed Territory belonged to Great Britain, that the United States Senate and Government were in possession of this map when they ratified the Treaty—and that, therefore, they solemnly claimed land which they must have known at the time, did not belong to them. You have no idea how we are be-rated in the English papers for this negotiation, which is termed in Europe dishonorable and fraudulent. So it would be, were the charges true, and the map also true; but there lies the touch-stone. Surely the red line so marked by Dr. Franklin, was merely his opinion—his own view of the Boundary; and I have not the ...

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE.

To the House of Representatives:

In compliance with the resolution of the House of Representatives of the 22d instant, requesting me to communicate to the House "whatever correspondence or communication may have been received from the British Government respecting the President's construction of the late British Treaty concluded at Washington, as it concerns an alleged right to visit American vessels," I herewith transmit a report made to me by the Secretary of State. I have also thought proper to communicate copies of Lord Aberdeen's letter of the 20th December, 1841, to Mr. Everett; Mr. Everett's letter of the 23d December, in reply thereto; and extracts from several letters of Mr. Everett to the Secretary of State.

I cannot forego the expression of my regret at the apparent purport of a part of Lord Aberdeen's despatch to Mr. Fox. I had cherished the hope that all possibility of misunderstanding as to the true construction of the eighth article of the Treaty lately concluded between Great Britain and the United States, was precluded by the plain and well-weighed language in which it is expressed. The desire of both Governments is to put an end as speedily as possible to the slave trade, and that desire, I need scarcely add, is as strongly and as sincerely felt by the United States as it can be by Great Britain. Yet it must not be forgotten that the trade, though now universally reprobated, was, up to a late period prosecuted by all who chose to engage in it; and there were unfortunately but very few Christian powers whose subjects were not permitted, and even encouraged, to share in the profits of what was regarded as a perfectly legitimate commerce. It originated at a period long before the United States had become independent, and was carried on within our border in opposition to the most earnest remonstrance and expostulations of some of the colonies in which it was most actively prosecuted. Its character, thus fixed by common consent and general practice, could only be changed by the positive assent of each and every nation, expressed either in the form of municipal law, or conventional arrangement. The United States led the way in efforts to suppress it. They claimed no right to dictate to others, but they resolved, without waiting for the co-operation of other powers, to prohibit it to their own citizens, and to visit its perpetrators ...

United States SATURDAY POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &c.

Single copies—$5 per annum—$1.25 at office.

Postmasters are requested to forward their letters addressed to us, "Post Office, Saturday Post, Philadelphia."

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names as agents.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office by the Postmaster.

Four lines inserted at the end of the current half page's subscription, for $1; and at the option of the Publisher if newspapers are sent to the office.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our list.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep a paper in print. They should always give names and state post for any persons forwarded to us. The Post office system, for a paper, is advance, will be enforced to seven copies.

Remember, most always state the Post office and State, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

LIST OF AGENTS.

☞ The following agents will still act for the SATURDAY POST, under the joint publishing arrangement.

☞ TRAVELLING AGENTS for Saturday Post, Gleason, United States Saturday Post, and Lady's World of Fashion.

A. B. C. W. JAMES, of Harrison street, Cincinnati, Ohio, is our Agent for Ohio, Indiana and Michigan, to solicit subscribers for the Saturday Post, Gleason, *J. E. Hazard, Saturday Post*, and Lady's World.

SAMUEL M. STEVENSON, assisted by *James H. Ingram, and John F. Anderson*, for Kentucky.

HENRY M. LAWIS is collecting for us in Alabama and Tennessee.

ISRAEL E. JAMES is Agent for us in the Southern and Western States and Florida, Messrs. James E. Whipple, Wm. H. Weld, *O. H. P. Stone, and Henry Pratt.*

WILLIAM A. PIERCE, collects for us in Pennsylvania, *Saturday Post.*

JAMES P. FOSTER is Agent for us in Missouri, Illinois, and parts of Wisconsin and Iowa.

ALANSON BARTLETT, of Boston, Mass., is duly authorized to obtain new subscribers to Gleason's Publishing Hall, Gleason's Saturday Post, and Lady's World. *Single copies may also be had at his store in Nashville.*

Notices of New Works.

THE FARMERS' ENCYCLOPEDIA and DICTIONARY of Rural Affairs, embracing all the recent discoveries in Agricultural Chemistry, adapted to the comprehension of non-professional readers. By HENRY W. JOHNSON. Enlarged, improved and adapted to the United States, by a Practical Farmer, assisted by numerous contributors. Small octavo, 1000 pages, completed in sixteen numbers at 25 cents each; with beautiful engravings. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

The Gradual but successful progress of the house of Carey & Hart, the publishers of this important book on Agriculture, for the elegant manner in which it is issued, and for a reference to the list of works by the same, will be sufficient to induce every one to purchase the work. The first number now before us is illustrated by a beautiful engraving of short-horned cattle, which alone is worth the cost of the number.

The value of the English work upon which this is based, is well known to many of our intelligent readers; but from the high price at which it is sold, $16, and containing as it does much matter of local interest, its publication in this country has been confined to a very narrow sphere, the wealthy or amateur farmer. The editor of the American work, whom we know personally, and whose fitness we believe, from experience and indefatigable industry, to be fully competent, has not confined himself to his own knowledge, but has availed himself of the experience and knowledge of some of our most successful agriculturists, and has had the most satisfactions such material as revealed under his work most acceptable to that class for whom it is specially designed, the AGRICULTURISTS OF THE U. S.

The work is one which has long been wanted; a work which a farmer may consult on any emergency, and which will give him all the information he may require, not be a mere Dictionary of technicalities, but will contain a series of essays, by able hands, on the most important subjects of Agriculture, and will furnish the best information on Agricultural Chemistry, Manures, the Improvement of Cattle, &c. &c.

Tables of Interest and Exchange. *By George Gaits.*—The title page of this work is filled with tables and uses; and the verdict of practical men has endorsed the truth of its pretensions. In the tables are shown at the intersection of (1) to $150 columns of six, seven, and eight per cent. per annum, from one day to ninety-four days, from four months to eleven months, and from one year to six years consecutively, both for three hundred and sixty days, and for three hundred and sixty-five days to a year. Also, the value of $1 at six per cent. per annum, from $1 to $10,000, at any rate of premium or discount, from one eighth of one per cent. (by one eighths) to ten per cent.; and how any sum may be invested or absorbed as a bill of exchange, at the same rate from one eighth of one per cent. to ten per cent. Also the value in Federal money, of Sterling Exchanges, for any sum from £1 to £10,000, at any rate of premium or discount from one eighth of one per cent. (by one eighths) to ten per cent.; and how any sum in Federal money may be invested or absorbed in a sterling bill, at any of these rates of premium and discount.

The book is presented in a compact form, and outside and in seems the proper and acceptable intent of the counting house. It may be obtained of Carey & Hart; Grigg & Elliott; and Thomas, Cowperthwaite & Co.

Transient Abstracts and Literary Reports.—We are pleased to perceive by a notice in a late number of that periodical, that its publication has been commenced by Mr. Mc. Dermott, late of Mc. Makeon & Co., No. 60 South Third street, above Chestnut. As the editor of a Temperance Journal, Mr. Mc. Dermott is a friend to pleasant, volume of and unexceeded in success. He has the ability to make his paper interesting to readers, and the tact and energy and playful wit will give the Advocate an air of sprightliness which is irresistible; while his a skilful gourmet he so disposes of his heavy articles of *facts, facts*, the sallies of the light troops of *humor* are well followed up. And as to Mr. Atkinson, if we wish to find any body to whom we could apply the term *universal*, we presume it would be necessary to go out of the country to do it; as there can hardly be any person in the United States more familiar with his name, features to the whole concern.

The Bank or the Nate.—No. 5 of this work, now publishing by the Appletons, is the serial form, contains an account of Nashville, by James E. Whipple and Garrison, attention to which has been recently revived by the death of the commander in that engagement. It is a fact that during General Jackson's command in Florida, he was the confidential friend of the Chevalier Du Pongnay and J. S. Skinner, then Consul at Algiers, and now Admiral Duperre, and remained in correspondence with them for many years after his return to private life. The Appletons have also published a work on Texas, by Nathaniel Greene, *Boston: Little & Brown, Philadelphia: G. S. Appleton*, which is a transcript of Robert Peel on the subject was made by National Gazette, &c., has Post-master of Boston. Mr. Green, in his translation, has not the merit of happy hits and terse diction which rendered Mr. Peel's speeches so popular, but he has rendered them into good English, and has done justice to the author

Gems from the Poets.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

What lies it then in the summer waves and wells?
There lustrous coloring and magnificence,
Pale glimmering pearls, and rainbow-colored shells,
Bright things that gleam unwasted and unseen,
Keep, keep the riches of the sea its own!
We ask but this of them.

Yet more, the depths have more—what wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness, lies!
Thou hast the vanished ages in thy hold,
Whole cities with their dwellers in their graves!
Deep calls to deep, and what doth it proclaim?
Of changes, perishing alike and vast,
Built over with the works of human pride,
Yet more, the depths have more!—thy waves have rolled
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath filled up the palaces of old,
Sea-weed o'ergrown the halls of revelry.
Dash over them, ocean! in thy restless play,
Hide what thou wilt, deep chamberer! from day,
Thou keep'st thy secrets well.

Yet keep'st the billows and the depths have more!
Thou hast dead sleepers, many and unknown!
Many a fair form hath gone
Thy dim shades through,
Since the first day that eyes grew dim with death,
Thou hast strong barks that sought thy sands alone,
Ribbed only with the skeleton and wreck
Of what fair navies!
What proud liners hast thou whelmed, that went
Forth in the gallantry of sail and oar,
And never sent
One broken spar to shore!
Thou hast all these things in thy motion!
Earth's wealth and marvels lie within thy breast,
Thou hidden, but unconscious sepulchre!
Yet shall thy waves be vocal on that day
When they must render up their charge to Him
Who counteth all thy secrets. Then how vain
Thy depths to bar back what immortal souls
Have trusted to their keeping!
Thou and death
Shall both be conquered, and thy captives come
Forth from their place of birth and place of graves,
And from the world's four corners rushing home,
Troop over earth's face for judgment!

From the Monthlies.

FROM BLACKWOOD'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE, FOR MARCH.

PRACTITIONERS AND PATIENTS.

BY HELEN BERKLEY.

"Ah! Doctor, how d'ye do? Just the person I was thinking of!" and Mrs. Quackenbos bowed to the comfortable cab-like gig in front of the Clarke's Hotel, and beside the fresh-looking, ruddy face of a fashionable contemporary.—"On your way to Percy's, Doctor?"

"Dr. Quackenbos—how are you, sir? I was on my way to Mr. Percy's—but—at your proper time and order and a seat I shall be glad to take. I am looking for four;" and Dr. Honeywood giving his reins to his liveried figer.

Dr. Quackenbos had adopted with characteristic handiness, and accepted the offer almost before it was made. Dr. Honeywood courteously made room for him, entrusted to the footman's possession the draping of his lemon-colored gloves, and very slightly inserted the Honorable Mrs. Percy in the conversation.

"Interesting case that of Mr. Percy's ward, Doctor?" commenced Dr. Quackenbos.

"Miss Ruthven! Oh! yes—very interesting—"

"What was it you thought of her symptoms, Doctor?"

"The all over one rebound of the pest. Doctor, you know my theory that medicine, (as well as hot air,) rises—"

"With all her volumes vast
Has but one inch."

My practice, Doctor—and you must allow it is rather extensive—has taught me that almost all the ills flesh is heir to," (solemnly excepted,) may be summed up in the one comprehensive word—nerves—and not all the different varieties of imagination or delusional complications. To cure them you must reach the imagination. Doctor, I call Miss Ruthven's case a confirmed case of imagination!" Dr. Quackenbos was conscious that words with energetic emphasis were coming.

"Oh! you—just so—just so"—stirred Dr. Honeywood uneasily; "you are very much interested in your case, Doctor?" he added, with a slight shade of suspicion flitting from one of the highest reputation in Europe. Besides, the lady was your patient before I was called in: you know her constitution. Her cough is rather severe though!"

"Spasmodic, Doctor, or occasioned by thinking about it, nothing more! Only remember the comfortable lady, who had lost the sensation five years, and whom Sir Humphrey Davy cured in a single day, by just touching a thermometer under her tongue! What do you call that in case of sudden and long attention?"

"Exactly—Sir Humphrey was a great man—I have a friend of his abroad."

"You have travelled of course, Doctor, and ought to know best; but for my part, I have found bread and honey pills, and cold water, better than calomel and heavy pills, good things—very good things!"

"I to wear they not! And, Doctor, I am convinced that this practice of dethroning the doctor has been resorted to by men of science since the world began. What was Paracelsus but exploding the imagination with metallic tractors, and convincing people they were cured? What is Animal Magnetism but soothing the imagination by passes, and persuading people they are asleep, and then the very wonders on them? What is Homœopathy, pray, but basing the imagination in a superabundance of comprehensible matter? Doctor, I tell you the influence of mind upon matter is not appreciated now as it ought—not appreciated. Dr. Quackenbos was obliged to pause to take breath.

"Just so—in a professional manner or you are not appreciated—hum. By the way, the young lady is not to-morrow, is she not?"

She is an only child; her father died very rich, and she was his sole heiress. Her father's will leaves her sole possession of his estate on the day of her marriage, or on her attaining her 21st birthday. Mrs. Percy, her a large family and is in very moderate circumstances. As far as I am aware the friend of Ruthven's is rather astonishing that he was left so heavy. However, he will be well off for life, for Miss Ruthven was engaged, before her father's death, to Percy's eldest son."

"Ah! indeed—when is he at present?"

"In Canada-on, just commencing business for himself. I have had it a month under consideration, Doctor, and, indeed, I myself am inclined to doubt it. That young Mr. Percy purposes coming to England with the heiress until he was pre-vously established is a certainty."

"Rather improbable story. I should say—might have done a month ago, and now—but I am not the agent of the property, is once Miss Ruthven died before she came of age, the property goes to a distant branch of the family; a fact which I am well acquainted with. I believe you are acquainted with her—Mr. Wardilaw?"

"Ah! Mrs. Wardilaw! Know her very well—very intimately indeed—Mrs. Wardilaw. Do you don't think our young lady is in any danger?"

"I should say gentle exercise—a little—but—to think of—to think of—hum—ha—Dr. Hood knows the symptoms of such cases?"

"Certainly, certainly—very common. I agree with you perfectly."

Dr. Honeywood said three words, his volatile clergy-brother a small two story house in a cellar inhabited by families of the city.

Dr. Quackenbos led the way to a miniature parlor, remarkable for its cosiness and dirt, and for the excess of every thing resembling luxury. An elderly lady sat beside the fire, surrounded by a perfect group of rosy-looking children, with their books and slates. There were several others variously occupying in her appearance, and seemed to be waiting for the doctors, would have been a passport to any house entertainment for the season, at any and of considerable.

"How d'ye do? How are you, Mrs. Percy?" said Dr. Quackenbos in a genial tone, and with some compassion in his voice, for he knew the poverty and myself are really put out. Sorry to say I have only a few moments to spare—engagements that call me all over the city! How is the last Monday to-day?"

"Yes shall see her immediately, Doctor," replied Mrs. Percy. "I hope, dear children, you have been quiet while I was out?"

"I should say, mamma—hem—I hope, Mr. Percy, that Miss Ruthven finds herself considerably relieved this morning?" said Dr. Honeywood, assuming her quite unmarried," and Dr. Honeywood.

"Ah! Doctor, we have many fears," began Mrs. Percy anxiously.

"Fears, indeed! Have I not told you that we intended Arthur?" interrupted Dr. Quackenbos. Dr. Quackenbos—

"But, Doctor, her cough is really dreadful—the night sweats continue, and she has no appetite—"

"Of course she should have no appetite, Mrs. Percy. And Mrs. Percy turned to the elder practitioner.

"My dear madam—how—dear me—how—hem!—no—no—there is no more need of fears than—than—than—hem—ha—and—and—and—"

"We know every thing is you, sir; but indeed we are very much confused. Would you think it advisable to call in further advice?" inquired Mrs. Percy, hardly knowing what she was saying, and overcome with confusion at the multitude of counsel there was.

"Nonsense, nonsense!" said Dr. Quackenbos, hastily; "a long practice, madam—I—I—myself, myself, for their are enough to speak of me, but their advice must be taken—must be taken. Dr. Hood and His doctor has agreed all over the continent. His time is all engrossed that he is obliged to confine himself to only visit his regular patients. My case is so similar madam, that myself, myself—"

"I acknowledge all that, doctor; but Marion is so ill—"

The entrance of Miss Ruthven prevented further explanation. Dr. Honeywood thought there was help of the kindest in the behind of her doctor, and Dr. Quackenbos congratulated her sustained countenance—the sphere of prejudice was evidently in her favor. Dr. Hood, her senior was desirous to flagellate, but there she was not yet the power to do so. Dr. Honeywood remembered. Her other doctor was jealous of her—would be—would be—would be